lot of things as he goes along.

five pennies for fare.

crutches

squares farther on a hatchet-faced woman

with a tip-tilted nose started to board the

"Now, if ever I was an end-seat hog

cut out being one a long time ago, and so

I moved over and let the hatchet-faced wo-

man take the outside seat. She bestowed

upon me a sort of smile of disdain, as much

enjoyed the shadow of gloom which crossed the conductor's face when she gave him

moved over to the third place, and I nat-urally expected that the hatchet-faced wo-

man to whom I had surrendered the outside seat would in her turn move over and make room on the outside for the aged, half-blind

woman, who was walking with the aid of

just-nachully-mean woman on the outside.

"But something always happens, I've observed, to give folks of her sort a dent.
"When the car reached 14th street and

New York avenue a robust, middle-aged woman with a market basket saw that

woman with a market basket saw that there were only four in our seat, and that all the rest of the seats held five. She swung herself on board with her basket held over her arm. The hatchet-faced woman glared at her.

"There's no more room in this seat."

"There's no more room in this seat,"
she snapped, viciously, at the woman with
the market basket
"They hain't, hey?" quietly observed the
woman with the market basket. 'Well, you
don't never want the graph idea as that

another woman take the end seat.

from the Birmingham News.

"You can't guess 'em by their clothes."

Common Errors.

"Dld you ever pick up a 'don't' book and

unconsciously, or through bad habits?"

a great deal to do with it, as slang ex-

pressions are used often in such way as to

almost an unnecessary word if care would be taken. The words 'he,' 'she,' 'him' and 'her' are really the most troublesome words

word 'aggravate' does not mean 'provoke'

'I am mistaken.' So one could go on indefi-nitely in the line of speech and writing,

but when it comes to etiquette and table manners, how many there are who fall short of the rules laid out by the standard

The Grand Canon,

"An artist who loved the wilderness

brought his bride to the head of the Bright

Angel trail. It was night when they came

to their journey's end, and the man per-

suaded the woman not to look upon the

grand canon until morning. When the sun

was high, he blindfolded her and led her

out of the log hotel that stood upon the

brink of the precipice to a point of rock

that overhangs the abyss. For two days

and nights they had been riding through

the desert, flat and gray, with blue mountains flicking in and out of the horizon,

with a few jarring crevasses and buttes and

bluffs to emphasize the tranquillity of the

scene. The desert, with its somber serenity,

had charmed her soul and left it in a fine

repose. As she stood blindfolded, she could think of nothing but the great level stretches of sand and sage and cactus. The man had told the wo-

man little of the canon, and when he took the bandage from her eyes

he held very tightly as she looked out across the miles and miles of tumult of

form and riot of color that seemed to swirl

her. As from the clouds she looked down into an illimitable, red-tinged ash-colored

hell, abandoned and turned to stone, eons

and eons ago. She stared amazed at the

awful thing for a long minute, and then,

as the tears of inexplicable emotion dim-

med her eyes, she turned and cried ve-

Picture Postal Cards.

The picture postal "craze" has hit us

Americans at last, and forcibly. Ten years

or more ago the picture postals had already

a wide circulation in Europe. They were

pretty, generally clever, often worth some-

thing as souvenirs, and formed an agree-

able method of remembering the folks at

home. Now the picture postals are bring-

ing in their American wake the postal al-

bums, a sure sign of the popularity of this

pictured private mailing card. At the N. E.

A., to cite one example, the mail was con-

siderably increased by the sending of As-

But there is one development of the pos-tal picture "craze" that we not only deplore

but protest against, namely, the obscene card. While passing recently through sev-

eral cities we noted their frequency on the news stand. Many have a certain clever-

ness, but it is the cleverness of the risque and unrefined that can well be dispensed

with. Europe was flooded with questionable cards of this sort; the United States

should be no further culture-ground for them. Our laws forbid the transmission of

obscene matter through the mails; it is obvious, however, that where there is much

seiling there must be some sending. We protest, however, particularly against the

display of these cards, be it in Boston or elsewhere. It is a kind of publicity that we

believe can be checked and soon stamped out by a counter-publicity of the facts by

Not Above Him.

"Ah!" exclaimed the good old soul, ob

serving how cheerfully the laborer whistled

as he tolled, "you're contented at least

From the Philadelphia Press.

"If you ever try to paint that; I'll leave

thousands of feet below her and

hemently at her artist husband

From the Bost a Transcript.

bury Park postal souvenirs.

William Allen White, in McClure's.

on such matters."

English language to mo

Well, not so's you could notice it!

car at the spot where I was scated.

# Things Head The young grandson of a citizen of

monkey.

Georgetown boasts a new baby in the family. He saw his mamma powdering the baby's little rosebud of a face with one of those perforated devices filled with violet powder. This was something new to Henry. His own face, being a boy's, is beyond the powdering stage, and his mamma's exqui-site complexion needs no reinforcements of the sort. He was therefore very much attracted by the performance, and made up his mind to do some powdering himself at the first opportunity. This opportunity came one bargain day, when his mother was off to the shops and the baby asleep in its bassinet. But, alas, it was only hair an opportunity, after all, for he couldn't an opportunity, after all, to the wever, in spite of his limited years, Henry is a young man of resources. He sneaked down to the dining room, then upstairs to the sleeping

Presently he heard the cook's voice from below as she was setting the table for din-

'Oh Henry!"

"What you want?" "Did you have my silver pepper caster?"
"Yes." replied Henry, who is truthful, it

"Where did you put it?"

What are you dren' with it?" "I'm doin' what I want to do wif it."
"Well, I guess I want to know what you are doin' with it! Whenever your ma goes

out the house that's the time you raises So the cook went upstairs to find the baby's tiny sleeping face as black as her own, and Henry still industriously powdering it with the contents of the pepper pot.

"Naval nomenclature," remarked an officer of the navy the other day, "Is certainly peculiar. Take the navy yards, for instance. According to the usual standards they are mostly misnamed. The Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard, where Russia and Japan concluded terms of peace, is not in Portsmouth at all, being located in Kittery, Me. Then there is the Norfolk navy yard, which instead of being at Norfolk is across the river in Portsmouth, Va.

"One would certainly suppose that the great New York navy yard was located in the city of that name, whereas, in fact, it is on the other side of the East river in Brooklyn. Still another instance is the socalled Boston navy yard, which is in Charlestown. And there are others."

Peeping above high banks of yellow clay in the vicinity of the new union depot, now 'n course of construction, is the gabled roof of a building that has long been occupied a liquor saloon. In the work of piling ip embankments of clay for the proposed levation of the railroad tracks this structure has been surrounded on all sides by the high walls of earth. Just a small walk is left on the street surface for patrons of the saloon to reach the place and get their

The proprietor of the place is evidently a philosophical fellow, for he has taken advantage of the situation to attract trade to his walled-in establishment. On the gabled roof, which is in plain view of pedestrians and workmen on the elevated places about him he has placed a big signboard. It reads: Subway Saloon, A Little Disfigured. Help Us Out of the Hole."

"The smallest labor strike on record," sald a local leader of workingmen, "occurred several days ago in East Washington, and it might be added that the salary consideration involved was the smallest feature of the small walkout.

"It happened this way," said the labor the boys is a horseshoer, and as members of that trade have been on strike for some time, the son Sammy became imbued with the strike fever. The Italian paid the boys fifty cents a week each for their services, which required several hours each day,

which reduced several hours each day, except Sundays.

"'Say, Jakey,' remarked Sammy to his colaborer the other day, 'this feller ain't payin' us enuff wages, an' my pa has said so. Let's go on a strike for higher pay.' "The boys agreed and Sammy ordered a alkout, their demand being for an increase of 25 cents a week, making their princely income for six working days, 75

Did they win? No, they did not. That Italian just hired two little colored boys as strike breakers and the lads who formed the membership of the 'Amalgamated Brotherhood of Peanut Hullers' are out on the bricks for fair."

\* \* \* \* \*

This is a genuine snake story told The Star reporter by Capt. Crocker of the schooner Lawrence Ray, now lying at Georgetown loading coal, as veracious a sailor as ever trod a quarter deck. Said the

"Several years ago when I was in the Pura (Brazil) trade, the captains of the vessels did a big business in buying snakes at Pura for about \$10 each and selling them in the states for about twice the money they paid for them. The snake business was very brisk at the time the incident hapand one down east skipper was in having secured twenty-one big fellows, which he kept con-The sailors on the vessel had a pet

nonkey, which, at the end of a long chair played about the snakes' box at will, the reptiles not seeming to notice him. One day, however, a big snake woke up and feeling hungry proceeded to swallow the

after that the captain of the vessel started ashore and as he left the side of the ship he saw a big snake hanging to his anchor chain. With the help of his mate, who was also his brother, he shipped a noose about the snake and it was pulled aboard and taken to the box where the other snakes had been confined, only to find that they had all escaped except the one that had swallowed the monkey, the chain that held the monkey keeping the snake from going with the others. About this time the monkey was missed, and one of the sailors pulling at the chain drew the creature from the interior department of

"The monkey was alive and recovered but the snake died, whether from having his throat rasped by the chain or from be-ing deprived of his dinner after it had been wallowed, I can't say."

Simms is a messenger in the office of the superintendent of sewers, on the third floor of the District building. A few days ago a firm of contractors, competing for current District construction work, submitted a sample box of sand. The box, which was neatly wrapped, was turned over to one of the clerks and, being rather late in the day, he decided not to open it until the next morning. When the office closed for the afternoon and all the clerical force had left the building. Simms made a final round before taking his departure and naturally he came upon the box of sand sitting upon the who I am. I am \_\_\_\_\_, mentioning the name of a well-known kid actor whose por-

The messenger thought to himself that one of the clerks had gone home and left a package of sausages.

For a moment, after deciding that the box contained sausages, or something else perishable, Simms stood undecided. If the sausages were left in the office they would be spoiled before next morning, and further the clerk probably would come in for a scolding from his wife if he appeared at home without the wherewithal for dinner. Simms glanced at the office clock and thought he could get to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station before the clerk left for his suburban home. All out of breath he reached the railroad station, only to see the end of the train vanishing around the curve across North Capitol street. In a dilemma Simms then wended his way slowly back to the District building, all his thoughts concentrated on finding a way to keep the contents of the box from spoiling before the next morning. A consultation with one of the District building janitor's assistants followed and the result was that Simms took the box to a near-by restaurant, much frequented by District building employes, and persuaded the proprietor to give the box a place in his refrigerator.

Even the office cat smiled next morning the box was brought in and it was learned how great precautions had been taken to prevent about a half peck of building sand from spolling.

\* \* \* \* \*
"No more having work about the house up against the game both ways, and when I leader. "An Italian vendor of candles em- have anything done around my house after used in making taffy. The father of one of I don't run a very extensive establishment. but some time ago I moved into a new house that needed several small things done about it. I had a carpenter look over the about it. I had a carpenter look over the job, and he decided that there was about a day's work in it and announced that he woman would not have hesitated, had it day's work in it and announced that he would do it for \$2 a day.

"Well, to make the shortest story possible she had spanked the young one." of it, he spun the job out for a week almost, and then my wife had to get after him and chase him out of the house to get the job done by the end of the week. He needed nails and screws and things to work with after he once got started, and I think he made separate trips to the hardware store for each individual nall, taking about half a day for each trip. The worst of it was that when he did finally get through my wife told me she thought she ought to have about \$5 a day for overseeing the job and

getting it done at all.
"I had another job a little while ago and I got two men to work on it. They are union men, all right, but they decided that they would do the work on their own responsibility after regular hours. I did not have anything to do with that, and don't know or care whether it is against the rules of the union. I made a contract for the job and let them take their own time about it. They pitched in, and the way they made chips fly was a caution. I have seen some swift workmen in my time, but those fellows had the speed record beaten to death. They were about two afternoons doing what wanted and there was about five times as much work in it as there had been in the first job I had done by the day. You can be mighty certain that after this if I have any more work done it is going to be on a con-tract, go-as-you-please. This thing of work-ing by the day is a little too good—for the

THE CALL TO ARMS.



John Bull (aroused from slumber and only half awake)-"What's wrong?" Lord Roberts (the warning warder)-"You are absolutely unfitted and unprepared John Bull (drowsily)—"Am I? You do surprise me!" (Goes to bed again.)
(Vide speech by Lord Roberts at meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce,
'Insign House, August 2.

"A recent article in one of the magazines about children of the stage, illustrated with a lot of pictures of the forward and unmannerly little tads, recalls to my mind an incident in which one of them figured in Atlantic City during the early part of the season," said a Washington physician who put in his vacation at the Jersey resort. "During the bathing hour one morning a lot of ladies, most of them mothers of children, were seated on a Boardwalk pavilion watching the bathers, when a fresh youngster of eight or ten, exaggeratedly but richly togged out, appeared and started in

to have fun with them. "The ladies were all sitting facing the as to say, 'What a mark you are, to be sure,' and I could observe how acutely she sea, and it struck the fresh kid that it would be a mighty diverting thing for him to sneak up behind their chairs and tug at their loose wisps of back hair.

"The unmannerly kid probably didn't know that women are mighty sensitive about their back hair, and that those little wisps are called 'scolding locks."

"He started in to have whole slathers of locks with the started to the starte "At the very next corner a very old, half-blind woman started to get into our seat— all of the others were nearly full; but as yet that seat of ours held only two. I larks with the married women, anyway, sneaking up behind them, one after one, yanking their heads back by grabbing hold of their back hair and pulling it, and then darting away in his merry little giggling

way. The annoyed women glared at the impudent cub, but their glares had no effect upon him. He would merely wait till they had quieted down and forgotten about him, and then he would sneak up and take a grab at some other woman's back hair. But he finally picked a loser, as everybody does who sticks to one game too long. "He made a grab at the back hair of a square-jawed woman with steel-rimmed pectacles, who had a large grown family her own in bathing out in the sea in front of her, and the square-jawed woman was just walting for him.

"He didn't get within a foot of catching hold of her hair before she had twisted about in her seat and had him in a grip in which she'd had plenty of practice when she was raising young boys herself years

"'Now.' the square-jawed woman remarked to the squirming kid as he strug-gled to break loose from her powerful grasp, 'what kind of a fool monkey are you, anyhow, that you can't behave instead of making such a miserable little nuisance of yourself?"

The spoiled theatrical kid tried as best he could—for the tight grasp upon him was never relaxed—a silly theatrical attitude, and then he gasped, in a manner which he obviously thought was enormously high-falutin and effective, but which was simply You let go o' me! You don't know

woman with the market basket. 'Well, you don't never want t' git no sech idee as thata-one in your pig head, Cynthie—they's room right w'ere you're sittin' this minnit, and that'll be good enough for me,' and she deliberately pushed the mean woman over and crushed herself into the end seat—and I never felt so much like applauding, outside of a theater, as I did then.

"The hatchet-faced woman left the car at 9th street, with her tip-tilted nose still in the air. And the woman with the market basket pushed over at that corner and let another woman take the end seat. trait appears in the magazine article about stage children that I've mentioned, 'and I ay leads with Frohman.'
"The spectacled woman with the square jaw looked at the foolish whelp sternly for

a moment. 'Oh, you do, do you?' she remarked. "Then she deliberately placed him over

her knee.
"'If that's the case,' she went on, 'then you need to be taught, for about two min-utes, that all of the world is not a stage, in spite of what Mister Shakespeare had to say about it. I don't play leads for Frohman or anybody else, my fresh little friend, but I imagine I haven't forgot how to play the kind of tattoo that you need more than any boy I ever met up with." "And, despite his frantic struggles and walls, she proceeded, with her business-like and expert right hand working like a fiail, to teach that too-previous youngster of the stage more about the need for good manners than he'll ever know till he has grown up-for it's about 100 to 1 that he'd never felt the heft of a punitive hand be-fore in all of his mollycoddled and spoiled young life. The other women looked on joyously, and the men who had watched the performance from the beginning clapped

their hands approvingly.
"The kid slouched off, blubbering and knuckling his eyes, and all of the freshness for the time warmed out of him when "No more having work about the house done by the day for me," said a Washington man to a Star reporter. "I have been with a jolt that must have started some of

his milk teeth.
"Ten minutes later the youngster's wildflaring and frothing down to the pavilion, but the square-jawed woman had gone down to the beach to join her family, and, of course, nobody pointed her out to the theatrical tyke's foolish maternal parent. come to that, to spank the mother just as

## The Uses of Newspapers.

From Harper's Weekly.

Our newspapers are doubtless awful things, but we could ill spare them. It is true-whether Prof. Morse said so or notthat most of them devote much space to murder and base ball, for neither of which subjects the cultivated reader cares much. though it is astonishing how the interest in murder keeps up with the less cultivated average reader, common though it has become, sad to say. But it is in dealing with other forms of crime that the labors of the press are more valuable. Only the newspapers—and nowadays some of the other pe-riodicals—have a constant and sustained interest in showing up misgovernment, frauds on the people, graft, breach of trust and man's various forms of dexterous inhumanity to man. Newspapers make reforms posle, and when the reforms come, help greatly to make them successful. siderable body of our fellow-citizens who find "steal and let steal" a good enough maxim for the conduct of life could live up to it far more successfully if it were not for the newspapers. Our newspapers might be much better; they could easily be made more to the taste of people of taste; but their unlovely crying of crime, disagreeable as it is, is an exceedingly important public duty, and in their faithfulness and veracious fortitude in keeping it up lies really the biggest part of our hope of a higher standard of honesty in public and private life. There is hope for any kind of rascality as long as it can be kept out of the papers.

## Fighting the Billboard.

From American Homes and Gardens, The agitation against the billboard as a municipal disfigurement has already reached goodly proportions, and the campaign is as yet in its infancy. Some efforts, and well-meant efforts, have been made to improve them, partly by designing the billboard itself and partly by improving the designs of the signs. 'Nothing has, however, yet been accomplished that amounts to definite and general improvement, and hence it is pertinent to inquire if the billboard is to go?

e of the most obvious steps in municipal betterment is to do away with unnecessary, unsightly objects. The billboard has been unsightly so long that many people regard it as permanently evil. At all events it is clear that if it is to remain it can only lo so under much, better conditions than now obtain, and it must be supported on broader grounds than the fact that a handsome advertising business has grown up through its promotion. No business can be the billboard, glaring and staring at every point, approaches the limit beyond which business should not go. Its misfortune has been injudicious use.

#### Civic Betterment. From American Homes and Gardens.

The work the body politic has to do in civic betterment is becoming more and more appreciated, and is yearly bringing fruitful results. Comprehensive schemes for the improvement of an entire city have already been brought forward in many localities, and while the direct results as yet assured are small, the first essential steps have been taken. Plans proposed for Washington, New York, Cleveland and other cities have aroused great public interest, not only among the individual citizens, but among the governing authorities. Whether realized or not, these plans are indicative of good, and point to something accom-plished. They mean the body politic plished. They mean the body politic is being aroused, that statesmen whose time was formerly concerned with the granting of railroad franchises and the re-naming of streets, are looking toward pubnaming of streets, are looking toward public art. They mean a positive and great extension of the movement for civic betterment for they mean that the last of the three great elements which must help in this work has awakened to its value. This at least was necessary before anything could be accomplished. The next step will be realization. This is the end of all movements for civic betterment.

"I saw something distinctly unique in the "Presently, when the theatrical season gets under full headway, we'll be regaled way of feminine-er-I was going to say with the usual wriften nonsense about the swinishness, but I'll let it go at selfishso-called 'encore flend,' " remarked an obness," said the man who notices a whole servant theatergoer. "I don't know of any "I boarded an incoming F street car over subject concerning which more misleading bosh is written than that having to do with in Georgetown, taking the outside position of the only vacant seat. A couple of

the encore flend. "There are encore fiends, of course, ! as many of them as the public is led to

"The genuine encore fiend is an irritating lunatic, but he isn't in any wise responsible for the great majority of the tedious encores to which the playfolk respond. They

speak.
"In the vaudeville houses this sort of thing is particularly noticeable. The popularity and the financial success of the vaudeville entertainers depend, in large measure, upon the number of 'recails' they get from audiences, and when the genuine, sure-enough recalls don't eventuate they come out and do their little stunt over again anyway, just as if the audience had

vociferously demanded them to return.

"Just notice this the next time you attend a vaudeville show and see if I'm not right.

"Worse than that, she barely moved in order to let the aged woman with the crutches get by her. There was, at that, a spiteful look on her face over the fact that the old woman had had the nerve to want "The flattest, deadest, stalest stage stunt that isn't worthy of a 'hand,' and never by any chance gets one, even from the con-firmed encore flends, is invariably done over again, sometimes three or four times to get into that seat at all.
"Two corners farther on an old palsied by the insistent theatrical fatheads who are determined to make it appear that they man was waiting to get aboard. He saw the vacant space in that seat of ours, and are getting encores whether they really are he, too, had to struggle as best he could past the hatchet-faced woman, to whom I had so freely given the end seat. The old woman with the crutches and I pushed over and made room for the old man next to the

or not.
"They trip off the stage, and, even when their departure is followed by the gloom-their departure in the stage. iest and most disapproving sort of silence on the part of the audience, they almost immediately trip back again, bowing and smirking, the orchestra leader strikes up the band once more, if the infliction has been a song, and away they start again into the dismal repetition of the dreary performance. performance. "That is what you can call 'taking' re-

cells with a vengeance. It's simply steal-ing em, as a matter of fact. And perform-ances are long-drawn-out and wearisome sin-ply because these no-account, unde-serving 'entertainers' are bound and determined to 'take' as many encores as the stage people who really get and deserve

"And people who are waiting for something else that is really diverting to come along on the program have in consequence to sit back and yawn and wearily abandot themselves to their sad destiny until the recall robbers get through with their gratuitour rehashings.
"Even if there is one chinless, cackling

Zeke in the balcony or gallery who, de-spite all of the warningful hisses of the bered audience, persists in clapping for the reappearance of the non-entertainers, the latter will stretch the point even after a ccuple of deadly silent rebuffs on the part of the house as a whole, and come back just as if the clapping of the solitary clappe: constituted an ovation.
"This sort of thing is not, as I say, con

fined to the vaudeville people, either, but the musical comedy folk are insistent pursuers of the policy—if you'd care to call it policy—of grabbing recalls that are never extended to them.

read 't and see how many mistakes the average so-called, well-bred person makes "A topical song singer, for instance, will come back and come back, time without end, long after his twists and turns upon asked a young lawyer. "Perhaps slang has words have ceased to amuse, and with nary a clap in the house, simply for the 'glory' of being able to brag, next summer when he's 'resting,' about the number of remake them resemble good English. We say a piece of cake is 'awfully' good, or a calls he had during his last season out.

'The orchester leader of a musical comedy is generally as much at fault as the mogirl is 'awfully' pretty, when we mean 'very.' We say a wedding 'occurs,' when notonous furny man. With no encourage-nent whatever the orchestra leader holds nothing but accidents occur, and as for that word 'lay,' how few people there are up his baton as a signal to the instru-mentalists, when the audience is wistfully who are not afraid to use it. We 'lay' a thing down, but we ourselves 'lie' down.
'Lay, laid,' laid takes an object; 'lie, lay, mentalists, when the audience is wisting hoping that the topical song man will go away-way and let the performance proceed, and the topical song man slides out again with the first note of his ditty and begins lain' does not. How ridiculous it is to say we 'love' candy, when we 'like' it; a plate of soup could hardly be 'lovely,' but a rose could be. And that word 'got.' It seems his mournful foolery all over again.

"The orchestra leader also chorus of an extravaganza company work hard by pulling his baton to an 'attention' when there isn't even the symp-tom of a demand on the part of an audience that a chorus or a finale be done over

I was shocked to hear a society girl here say 'Mrs. Blank has invited she and I to her house.' They seem to be afraid of the words 'her' and 'me.' To say 'she asked again. "The encore fiend exists, of course, is a pest, just as the boll weevil or some more domesticated bugs are, but it isn't wholly his fault, or anything like it, that an evening at the theater is evocative of her and me. To say she asked her and me' sounds queer, but it is correct. How many careless people say, 'He asked for you and I.' The word 'ain't' is fast growing in disfavor. Few know that the so many yawns when the recall thieves are engaged in their pilfering." word 'aggravate' does not mean 'provoke' or 'irritate,' and that they must not say a 'new beginner.' We expect a visitor but we 'suspect' he is sick. A man dies 'of' a disease, not 'from,' and to say 'do like I do' should be 'as I do.' The word 'preventive' is to be used instead of 'preventative,' and the term 'I mistake,' instead of 'I am mistaken'. So one could go on indefi

#### No Separation for Tennessee. From the Nashville American.

Talk of a new state is nonsense. Give up east Tennessee? Never! East Tennessee is one of the richest sections of the south. It is nature's storehouse and conservatory. From Turleytown to Ooltewah, from Glenalpine to Bucklick, it is a land of wealth and loveliness. Its fertile valleys are walled by blue mountains and traversed by beautiful streams that would beguile a preacher into fishing on Sunday, while there is enchanting leveliness in the deep shade of its coves. Its hills and mountains abound in coal and iron and marble and zinc and copper and gold, while in the shadows of the mountain tops and the recesses of the glades is distilled a liquid that multiplies the vision and robs death of its terrors. East Tennessee is a land of milk and honey, of fruits and flowers, politics and scenery. Give up east Tennessee, with its blue skies and soft sunshine, its bracing breezes and limpid waters, its green valleys and purpled mountains, its rich mines and teeming orchards, its fertile fields and fine forrests, its beautiful women and freedomloving men? Not for a moment. We shall keep it and continue in the effort to convince it of the error of its political ways, until in the end we shall have succeeded in converting it to the truth, and shall have baptized it in the faith, welcomed it into the temple of righteousness and received it into the ark of safety.

## Water for the Farm.

From American Homes and Gardens, The farmer is a large user of water, for no farming operations can be carried on without it. The installation of a water plant for farm purposes-for use in the market house and barn-is, therefore, one of the first essentials to successful farming. This, however, should be but the first step, for a water plant that gives running water in the barn can afford the same facility in the kitchen at small additional expense. No farm wife need be told of the superior merits of running water in her kitchen over the old-fashioned well, or the hardly less archaic hand pump. The latter has, of course, some conveniences over the former, but it entails weary work and adds a quite unnecessary burden to the many labors that fall to the wife on the farm. But assuming that running water has been brought into the farm kitchen, the question may well be asked. Why stop there? Why not a bath room; why not a separate bath room for the men help? Why ot shower baths and all the conveniences that modern plumbing has brought.

relatively high degree of efficiency? All chance to make a lot more than these things should follow as a matter of these things should follow as a matter of this book if he'd only be patient and wait for his royalties.

His Rights that modern plumbing has brought to a be satisfied that their installation would not cripple his financial resources. The latter point is apt to have more weight than the former. There is unquestionably a large field for business in this direction.

## Not So Bad.

From the Chicago News. Myer-"Isn't that fellow Snapshot rathe narrow-minded?" Gyer-"Yes, but nevertheless he takes broad view of things."

that?" Gyer—"He's an amateur photographer, you know, and has one of the largest cam-

Myer-"Indeed! How do you account for

A Mere Supposition. From the Chicago Record-Herald. "Children are a poor man's blessings, you "Yes. I suppose it's because he doesn' send them to college."

Globetrot—"I say, old man, I've been abroad for eight months, and I'm rusty on the styles. Are they wearing the same things this summer they did last?"

Dedbroke—"I am."—Pittsburg Post. I'm glad to see your work is not beneath you."
"Quit yer kiddin', lady," replied the laborer, "I'm diggin' a trench."

## GAVE HIM A LESSON JUST A BIT SELFISH MATTER OF ENCORES RIGHTS OF AUTHORS

Source of Friction Between Writers and Publishers.

every city, but there are not one-twentieth ROYALTIES ON BOOKS

DIFFICULTIES IN DEALINGS WITH LITERARY MEN.

Cyrus Townsend Brady is suing a New

themselves seem to positively love the encore imbecile, and when, by chance, there doesn't happen to be any encore fiend in a theater, they just encore themselves, so to His Business

> York publishing house for a whole lot of money. Mr. Brady's name is probably seen oftener in more magazines than that of any other writing person in the United States. Mr. Brady was first a boy, then a naval officer, then an ordained preacher, and, after that, and up to the present time, a prolific producer of magazine copy. Some time ago Mr. Brady wrote a novelette called "A Corner in Coffee," which the Smart Set printed. The story had a dramatic value, and a while ago Mr. Brady had an offer for the dramatic rights. While the deal was pending it was discovered that the publishing company had already disposed of the dramatic rights to a well-known theatrical firm, and that the story was in process of dramatization by a professional play tinker, who makes a specialty of work of this sort. Hence the suit. Mr. Brady claims what is known as the "author's right" to his own stuff after it has been printed.

> Recently the junior member of a promi-nent New York publishing firm was in Washington on some copyright business. A Star man asked him for enlightenment as to the merits of Mr. Brady's trouble with his publishers.

> "I don't know Mr. Brady personally," replied the publisher, "but I do know a great many other writers of his grade, and I am bound to say that the majority of them are wholly unreasonable in their business dealings with publishers, and exceedingly hard

to get on with.
"Now, nobody expects a writer of fiction to be a good business man, but you'd naturally suppose that such people would read a contract, anyhow, before signing it. As to that business appertaining to the dra-matic rights, we had a fine old riotous time of it in our New York office a few months ago just because a new author on our list had falled to read the terms of a contract he signed in making over a book to us.

Custom Regarding Dramatic Rights. "You see, it is the custom of publishers in these days of dramatized novels to reserve the dramatic rights of a novel in the contract. The dramatic rights clause is inserted in all of the contracts for books of fiction as a matter of custom and course. Once in a while some author comes along who makes a kick over the clause, and, when that happens, we come to some sort of an agreement with him, if is book is particularly promising, where by we agree to share and share alike in the

ramatic rights,
"Ordinarily, however, authors skip this clause altogether, having little idea that anybody will ever want to use their books for stage purposes. And when they skip the clause, and sign the contract, the dramatic rights belong to us as a matter of course

"That's what happened in the case of a pretty good seller we published a year ago last spring. The author didn't pay any attention to the contract clause as to the dramatic rights, and signed the contract handing the dramatic rights over to us.
"When the book got to going well a number of different adapters for the stage got hold of it simultaneously and that it was eminently well adapted for dramatization. They immediately dug the author up, and the first thing he knew he had them bidding, and in pretty good sums, too, for the dramatic right to his book. Then he came down to our publishing of-fice, a good deal elated. I received him.

"Say,' he said, 'I'm going to have that book of mine dramatized.'

"Yes?' said I. 'Who's going to do the

work of dramatizing it?" "He mentioned the name of a well-known

play tinker. "'All right,' said I. 'You send him down to me, and I'll talk with him and give him my figure as to the dramatic rights. The dramatic rights belong to the firm, you

#### Thought Publishers Were Unfair. "He was up in the air in less than a sec-

ond, storming and throwing his arms around. I showed him the contract he had signed. He swore that he'd never even read that clause in the contract, and declared that it would be simply swinishthat's the word he used-on our part to claim the dramatic rights when they clear-ly belonged to him, the author, morally, anyhow, in spite of the old contract. "It was a rough house sort of time had of it over that little point, and the firm didn't come out second best, either. At that, I believe that if the young man hadn't stormed and raged at us the way he did we'd have cut the dramatic rights in two and given him half. But we didn't. We just remained swinish. "It's the simple truth that most writers

so ago at the New York office I permitted on account of the game way he'd taken his myself to become unnecessarily 'het up failure to make the cost of pens and ink over the conversation of one of the writing and paper out of his first book.

men on our list. Last autumn we pub"Well, his second book was the biggest men on our list. Last autumn we published a piece of fiction of his making. It lished a piece of fiction of his making. It kind of a winner from the first day it ap-was his first book. Quite unexpectedly— peared on the counters. After the first that is, we of the firm didn't expect it, even if the author did—the book made a big success from the outset. Inside of months we sold between 75,000 and 80,000 copies of it. These big sales, of and in that particular case we wouldn't course put the young man who wrote the book in clover. His royalties during the first three menths were about \$10,000.

"He had never had anything like so much money in a lump before, and I grieve to say that he lost his head. He had a pasfor horse racing. Now, \$10,000 right tidy little sum of money if devoted to the ordinary uses and comforts of life, but it isn't any terrible amount of money wherewith to gratify a passion for horse

"Virtually all of this young man's \$10,000 royalty money on his first book went into the satchels of the bookmakers. Just about this time the sales on his book began to sag some. He noticed this, for he was very careful in his scrutiny of our sales accounts. He figured it would be a good thing for him to get from under. He needed some more money, and so he came to us and offered to sell his interest in the book

for a pat \$2,000. "I advised him not to do this. I told him that books have a queer habit of getting their second wind and coming again, so to

Signed Away His Rights.

"But, no, he couldn't see it. He had it all figured out that his book had seen its little day, and that he'd rather be putting it on us if he got \$2,000 out of us for his interest in it. We gave him the \$2,000, and he signed away his right to any remaining interest in the book. It was a bit of a gamble with us, too, you are to understand, yet we had a fair right to presume that a book that had sold 80,000 copies in three months would, even if the sales were letting down some, go on winning out enough at least to make good for the \$2,000 we were paying out to acquire entire title to the

paying out to acquire entire title to the book.

"Well, the thing fell our way. Not long after we had given the author the \$2,000 he was so easer to obtain for his interest the book began to sail along again quite wonderfully. I don't mind admitting, either, that we did a bit of extra advertising and booming for the book as soon as we had gained the complete title to it, and, of course, this helped to give the plece of fiction its second wind. Well, we've sold over 40,000 copies since buying the young man's interest, and the book is still going ahead at a most profitable clip for us, although I never could see that it was so much of a book, at that.

"The author, of course, heard how well

"The author, of course, heard how well his book was doing after he had disposed

of his interest, and it grueled him. Then, not long ago, he turned up at our New York office with a martyred countenance. After beating about the bush for a while he shambled to the point. He said he'd heard how well his book had been going since he'd solid out, and he asked me whether, in view of that, I didn't think it would be only the fair thing to offer him at least a portion of the rake-off. It was a souare and straightout case of the baby square and straightout case of the baby act on his part, you will perceive.
"'Why should we do that?' I asked him.

'You sold us the book, and it's ours now, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, he was willing to admit that the book was ours all right, but when he'd sold out his interest he'd had no idea that it was going to continue to bound along the way it had, and he thought that as long as he had chiseled himself so badly.

"'And yet,' said I, 'when you sold out to us for \$2,000 you were convinced that you had away the better of the bargain-you rather figured it that we'd be coming out at the little end of the horn on the trans-

"Well, he'd thought at the time of his selling out that the \$2,000 would be a fair shake all around, he said, but as the sales had turned out so big since, why—
"His attitude was so childish that I became a bit warm over it. In my warmth

I fell into parable.

"Look here, said I to the young author, you know a good deal about horse-racing. don't you?'
"'I wish I knew less about it,' he replied,

#### A Similar Situation.

"'All right,' said I. 'Now, supposing that last fall you had sold me a two-year-old colt that had won a number of big stakes for you, but that had gone a trifle lame from too much racing-so lame, in fact, that you had concluded that the colt wouldn't develop into a good three-year-old; and so were perfectly willing to sell to me at your own figure. Supposing I had taken that colt and patched him up and sent him to the races this year, to find that he made good for me right along, and won quite a lot of money for me. Would you, in such a case, come to me with a booby face and ask me for a share of the profits earned by the colt you had been so willing and eager to sell to me last year? Would you consider yourself in any way, even morally, if not legally, entitled to any of that

money?" "'You're right, and I am & crying baby, said the young man to that, his gameness and sense of right asserting itself then. 'I hadn't looked upon the matter in that light, but I can see now that it's the same thing. Only thing for me to do is write another book and then hang on, eh? "I told him to peel off his coat and go right at that other book and deliver it to

me at the earliest possible moment, and I gave him a check for advance royalties on the still unwritten book, at that, "I mention the case of this young author because it is a typical one. With respect to a book, no matter which way the cat of public popularity jumps, most authors are inclined to be dissatisfied, and develop the

notion that they are getting the worst of "You see, few of them are what you'd call good gamblers. They don't want to take any chances. They want the sure thing every time. Now, any publisher will tell you that nowadays every book is more or less of a gamble, as every book by an unknown writer is an absolute out-and-out gamble. The author, in nine cases out of en, expects the publisher to do all of the gambling and take all of the chances. The

average author is a strong believer in the 'heads I win, talls you lose' system. "The majority of new authors want the publishers to buy their books outright. They've heard that only about one book in a hundred ever pays for the printing, electrotyping and binding of the first edition, and they don't like these 99-to-1 shots. So they want to sell outright. If the book looks pretty good, and we buy outright, paying what we think it's worth-which is always a very large cut, indeed, from what the author thinks it's worth—and the book is a go right from the start, why, the author becomes sulky and disconsolate over it. He's glad that his book is a success, of course, but he has the childish feeling that his publishers have 'done' him, and his pouting is something dismal to contemplate.
"If, on the other hand, the new author gives ear to the publisher's counsel, and disposes of his book on the royalty basis, and the book has a quiet birth and a still more quiet death, the writer not getting worth mentioning out again, he has a sad grievance, and he fares forth into the highways and byways and tells everybody he meets what a crafty, close-fisted Old Scrooge lot those publish-

#### ers are. Like the Game Author.

"Occasionally there's an author who takes a sporting view of these things, and in dealing with a man like that we're a good deal more inclined to treat him generously than with one who does the baby act and fills the air with his lamentations. One of the most successful men now on our list of authors knew how to take his medicine when he first brought his wares to us, and he has assuredly lost nothing by it. "The first book he gave to us on the royalty basis. It was a far better piece of fiction than the average, and it fell dead. Couldn't give it away. It came along at the wrong hour, or something, but anyhow the author never got a cent out of it, for we didn't get back the first cost of putting the book on the market, and there usual stipulation in the contract that 2,000 copies of the book had to be sold before the author's royalties should begin. We could not get rid of even that first edition of 2,000 copies, and so the author didn't get a nickel out of his book.

"But he didn't make any complaint at all Said that he'd been taking chances all his life, and he never looked for money unti-he saw the color of it in his hand. But the next book he submitted to us he said he'd rather sell outright, because he was broke, and had a family, and needed the money. He named the modest sum of \$500. of works of fiction possess business views and we bought the book at that figure. We that are simply childish. Only a week or so ago at the New York office I permitted on account of the game way he'd taken his

fortnight we were browbeating our binders because they couldn't let us have enough coples of the book. The book started right off among the 'six best sellers of the week have felt in the least put out, much less surprised had the author turned up and suggested that he thought he ought to have a look-in for some of the big profits. But he never came near us. Didn't emit a whine when all of the newspapers, in their literary reviews, were cracking his book up to the skies, and when the publishers' trade papers were commenting upon the big sale the book was having. "If he had taken the usual petulant and

peevish part of some authors in such cir-cumstances the \$500 for which he'd sold the book to us would certainly have been all he'd ever got out of it. But when the book had leaped past the \$60,000 mark inside of six weeks I held a little conference with my partners, and we sent for the author.

Surprised at the Proposition. "It took him three or four days to get around to our office, although he was right

in New York, and when he did appear he seemed to be wondering what we wanted with him. " 'Hear about the way that book of yours

is going?' I asked him. "'Yes,' he replied. 'Seems to be a winner, doesn't she?'
"'Only third on the list of the year's best

selling books, that's ail,' I told him.
"T've been reading a lot about the way the thing's traveling along, he replied, not at all perceiving that I had anything in mind for him. 'Guess I'd better sell the next one to you on the royalty basis, eh?' next one to you on the royalty basis, en?
"'Well, you're selling this one to us on
the royalty basis,' I told him, pulling the
contract for the outright \$500 sale of the
book out of a drawer and tearing it up before his eyes. This firm has got a tender
feeling for writing folks that have sporting
blood in them and that don't do the baby

act, and I wrote him a check for his roy-alties at the regular rate up to that date, a sum amounting to more than \$6.6... It's not often that you'll see a full-grown man come so near falling down for no apparent reason as that one did when he cast his eye over that check. But he deserved it. The whimperer never gets anything out of an American publisher." an American publisher.

From the Philadelphia Pross "I understand they were married by a

magistrate." "Oh! no. By a minister, and that ac-

counts for their being church members now. You see, they were joined by the church so then they joined the church."